The

THOREAU SOCIETY

BULLETIN

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WALDEN in the ALBION
by George Monteiro

To the overall record of the contemporary reception of Walden can be added two items that appear to be new to Thoreau scholarship. Both pieces were published in the same issue of the Albion, a New York periodical, on 9 September 1854 (new series, volume 13). On page 429, under "New Books," appeared one of Walden's earliest reviews; while on page 424, under the title "The Canadian Wood-Cutter," appeared an excerpt from "Visitors," Chapter VI of Walden.

THE CANADIAN WOOD-CUTTER.

Who should come to my lodge this morning but a true Homeric or Paphlagonian man,—he had so suitable and poetical a name that I am sorry I cannot print it here,--a Canadian, a wood-chopper and a post-maker, who can hole fifty posts in a day, who made his last supper on a woodchuck which his dog caught. He, too, has heard of Homer, and, "if it were not for books," would "not know what to do rainy days," though perhaps he has not read one wholly through for many rainy seasons. Some priests who could pronounce the Greek itself taught him to read his verse in the testament in his native parish far away; and now I must translate to him, while he holds the book, Achilles' reproof to Patroclus for his sad countenance.--" Why are you in tears, Patroclus, like a young girl?"

> "Or have you alone heard some news from Phthia?
> They say that Menœtius lives yet, son of Actor,
> And Peleus lives, son of Æacus, among the Myrmidons,
> Either of whom having died, we should greatly grieve."

He says, " That's good." He has a great bundle of white oak bark under his arm for a sick man, gathered this Sunday morning. " I suppose there is no harm in going after such a thing to day," says he. To him Homer was a great writer, though what his writing was about he did not know. A more simple and natural man it would be hard to find. Vice and disease, which cast such a moral hue over the world, seemed to have hardly any existence for him. He was about twenty-eight years old, and had left Canada and his father's house a dozen years before to work in the States, and earn money to buy a farm with at last, perhaps in his native country. He was cast in the coarsest mould; a stout but sluggish body, yet gracefully carried, with a thick, sunburnt neck, dark bushy hair, and dull sleepy blue eyes, which were occasionally lit up with expression He wore a flat gray cloth cap, a dingy, wool colored greatcoat, and cowhide boots. He was a great consumer of meat, usually carrying his dinner to his work a couple of miles past my house,--for he chopped all summer,--in a tin pail; cold meats, often cold woodchucks, coffee in a stone bottle which dangled by a string from his belt; and sometimes he afforded me a drink. He came along early, crossing my bean-field, though without anxiety or haste to get to his work, such as Yankees exhibit. He wasn't a-going to hurt himself. He didn't care if he only earned his board. Frequently he would leave his dinner in the bushes, when his dog had caught a woodchuck by the way, and go back a mile and a half to dress it and leave it in the cellar of the house where he boarded, after deliberating first for half an hour whether he could not sink it in the pond safely till nightfall, --loving to dwell long upon these themes. He would say, as he went by in the morning, " How thick the pigeons are! If working every day were not my trade, I could get all the meat I should want by hunting,—pigeons, woodchucks, rabbits, partridges,--by gosh! I could get all I should want for a week in one day."

He was a skilful chopper, and indulged in some flourishes and ornaments in his art. He cut his trees level and close to the ground, that the sprouts which came up afterward might be more vigorous and a sled might slide over the stumps; and instead of leaving a whole tree to support his corded wood, he would pare it away to a slender stake or splinter which you could break off with your hand at last.

He interested me because he was so quiet and solitary and so happy withal; a well of good humor and contentment which overflowed at his eyes. His mirth was without alloy. Sometimes I saw him at his work in the woods, felling trees, and he would greet me with a laugh of inexpressible satisfaction in Canadian French, though he spoke English as well. When I approached him he would suspend his work, and with half-suppressed mirth lie along the trunk of pine which he had felled, and, peeling off the inner bark, roll it up into a ball and chew it while he laughed and talked. Such an exuberance of animal spirits had he that he sometimes tumbled down and rolled on the ground with laughter at anything which made him think and tickled him. Looking round upon the trees he would exclaim,--" By George! I can enjoy myself well enough here chopping; I want no better sport." Sometimes, when at leisure, he amused himself with a pocket pistol, firing salutes to himself at regular intervals as he walked. In the winter he had a fire by which at noon he warmed his coffee in a kettle; and as he sat on a log to eat his dinner the chickadees would sometimes come round and alight on his arm and peck at the potato in his fingers; and he said that he " liked to have the little *fellers* about him."

In him the animal man was chiefly developed. In physical endurance and contentment he was cousin to the pine and rock. I asked him once if he was not sometimes tired at night, after working all day; and he answered, with a sincere and serious look, " Gorrappit, I never was tired of my life." But the intellectual and what is called spiritual man in him were slumbering as in an infant. He had been instructed only in that innocent and ineffectual way in which the Catholic priests teach the aborigines, by which the pupil is never educated to the degree of consciousness, but only to the degree of trust and reverence, and a child is not made a man, but kept a child. When Nature made him, she gave him a strong body and contentment for his portion, and propped him on every side with reverence and reliance, that he might live out his three score years and ten a child. He was so genuine and unsophisticated that no introduction would serve to introduce him, more than if you introduced a woodchuck to your neighbour. He had got to find him out as you did. He would not play any part. Men paid him wages for work, and so helped to feed and clothe him; but he never exchanged opinions with them. He was so simply and naturally humble--if he can be called humble who never aspires --that humility was no distinct quality in him, nor could he conceive of it. Wiser men were demi-gods to him. If you told him that such a one was coming, he did as if he thought that any thing so grand would expect nothing of himself, but take all the responsibility on itself, and let him be forgotten still. He never heard the sound of praise. He particularly reverenced the writer and the preacher. Their performances, their miracles. When I told him that I wrote considerably, he thought for a long time that it was merely the handwriting which I meant, for he could write a remarkably good hand himself. I sometimes found the name of his native parish handsomely written in the snow by the highway, with the proper French accent, and knew that he had passed I asked him if he ever wished to write his thoughts. He said that he had read and written letters for those who could not, but had never tried to write thoughts,--no, he could not, he could not tell what to put first, it would kill him, then there was spelling to be attended to at the same time?

I heard that a distinguished wise man and reformer asked him if he did not want the world to be changed; but he answered with a chuckle of surprise in his Canadian accent, not knowing that the question had ever been entertained before, " No, I like it well enough." It would have suggested many things to a philosopher to have dealings with him. To a stranger he appeared to know nothing of things in general; yet I sometimes saw in him a man whom I had not seen before, and I did not know whether he was as wise as Shakespeare or as simply ignorant as a child, whether to suspect him of a fine poetic consciousness or of stupidity. A townsman told me that when he met him sauntering through the village in his small close-fitting cap, and whistling to himself, he reminded him of a prince in disguise.

His only books were an almanac and an arithmetic, in which last he was considerably expert. The former was a sort of a cyclopædia to him, which he supposed to contain an abstract of human knowledge, as indeed it does to a considerable extent. I loved to sound him on the various reforms of the day, and he never failed to look at them in the most simple and practical light. He had never heard of such things before. Could he do without factories? I asked. He had worn the home-made Vermont, he said, and that was good. Could he dispense with tea and coffee? Did this country afford any beverage beside water? He had soaked hemlock leaves in water and drank it, and thought that that was better than water in warm weather. When I asked him if he could do without money, he showed the convenience of money in such a way as to suggest and coincide with the most philosophical accounts of the origin of this institution, and the very derivation of the word *pecunia*. If an ox were his property, and he wished to get needles and thread at the store, he thought it would be inconvenient and impossible soon to go on mortgaging some portion of the creature each time to that amount. He could defend many institutions better than any philosopher, because, in describing them as they concerned him, he gave the true reason for their prevalence, and speculation had not suggested to him any other. At another time, hearing Plato's definition of a man,—a biped without feathers,—and that one exhibited a cock plucked and called it Plato's man, he thought it an important difference that the *knees* bent the wrong way. He would sometimes exclaim, " How I love to talk! By George, I could talk all day!" I asked him once, when I had not seen him for many months, if he had got a new idea this summer. " Good Lord," said he, " a man that has to work as I do, if he does not forget the ideas he has had, he will do well. May be the man you hoe with is inclined to race; then, by gorry, your mind must be there; you think of weeds." He would sometimes ask me on first occasions, if I had made any improvement. One winter day I asked him if he was always satisfied with himself, wishing to suggest a substitute within him for the priest without, and some higher motive for living. " Satisfied!" said he; " some men are satisfied with one thing, and some with another. One man, perhaps, if he has got enough, will be satisfied to sit all day with his back to the fire and his belly to the table, by George!" Yet I never, by any

manœuvering, could get him to take the spiritual view of things; the highest that he appeared to conceive of was a simple expediency, such as you might expect an animal to appreciate; and this, practically, is true of most men. If I suggested any improvement in this mode of life, he merely answered, without expressing any regret, that it was too late. Yet he thoroughly believed in honesty and the like virtues.

There was a certain positive originality, however slight, to be detected in him, and I occasionally observed that he was thinking for himself and expressing his own opinion, a phenomenon so rare that I would any day walk ten miles to observe it, and it amounted to the re-origination of many of the institutions of society. Though he hesitated, and perhaps failed to express himself distinctly, he always had a presentable thought behind. Yet his thinking was so primitive and immersed in his animal life, that, though more promising than a merely learned man's, it rarely ripened to any thing which can be reported. He suggested that there might be men of genius in the lowest grades of life, however permanently humble and illiterate, who take their own views always, or do not pretend to see at all; who are as bottomless even as Walden Pond was thought to be, though they may be dark and muddy.—*From "Walden; or, Life in the Woods," by H. D. Thoreau.*

New Books.

WALDEN; on, LIFE IN THE WOODS. *By Henry D. Thoreau. Boston. 1854. Ticknor & Fields.*—One of those rare books that stand apart from the herd of new publications under which the press absolutely groans; moderate in compass but eminently suggestive, being a compound of thought, feeling, and observation. Its author, it seems, during 1845, 6, and 7, played the philosophic hermit in a wood that overlooks Walden Pond, in the neighbourhood of Concord, Massachusetts. Here he tested at how cheap a rate physical existence may healthfully be maintained, and how, apart from the factitious excitement of society and the communion of mind with mind, he could cultivate a tranquil and contemplative spirit, yet resolute withal. This experiment was undeniably successful; and he has here set forth the record of his sylvan life and the musings of his happy solitude. He probably errs in believing, that life in an isolated shanty, and the strict vegetarian system, could be made profitable or pleasant to the men and women of this age. But we shall not discuss the question with this voluntary and most practical hermit. We can admire, without wishing to imitate him; and we can thank him cordially for hints on many topics that interest humanity at large, as well as for page upon page of research and anecdote, showing how lovingly he studied the instincts and the habits of the dumb associates by whom he was surrounded. The choicest and most popular works on natural history contain no descriptions more charming than those that abound in this volume. A little humour and a little satire are the pepper and salt to this part of the entertainment that Mr. Thoreau serves up. Into it we advise the reader—of unvitiated taste and unpalled appetite—to dip deeply. We at least do not come across a Walden, every day.

Possibly our strong commendation may be borne out by the two lengthened and characteristic extracts that we quote. The first may well be called the "The Battle of the Ants."

I was witness to events of a less peaceful character. One day when I went out to my wood-pile, or rather my pile of stumps, I observed two large ants, the one red, the other much larger, nearly half an inch long, and black, fiercely contending with one another. Having once got hold they never let go, but struggled and wrestled and rolled on the chips incessantly. Looking farther, I was surprised to find that the chips were covered with such combatants, that it was not a *duellum*, but a *bellum*, a war between two races of ants, the red always pitted against the black, and frequently two red ones to one black. The legions of these myrmidons covered all the hills and vales in my wood-yard, and the ground was already strewed with the dead and dying, both red and black. It was the only battle which I have ever witnessed, the only battle-field I ever trod while the battle was raging; internecine war; the red republicans on the one hand, and the black imperialists on the other. On every side they were engaged in deadly combat, yet without any noise that I could hear, and human soldiers never fought so resolutely. I watched a couple that were fast locked in each other's embraces, in a little sunny valley amid the chips, now at noon-day prepared to fight till the sun went down, or life went out. The smaller red champion had fastened himself like a vice to his adversary's front, and through all the tumblings on that field never for an instant ceased to gnaw at one of his feelers near the root, having already caused the other to go by the board; while the stronger black one dashed him from side to side, and, as I saw on looking nearer, had already divested him of several of his members. They fought with more pertinacity than bull-dogs. Neither manifested the least disposition to retreat. It was evident that their battle-cry was conquer or die. In the mean while, there came along a single red ant on the hill-side of this valley, evidently full of excitement, who either had despatched his foe, or had not yet taken part in the battle; probably the latter, for he had lost none of his limbs; whose mother had charged him to return with his shield or upon it. Or perchance he was some Achilles, who had nourished his wrath apart, and had now come to avenge or rescue his Patroclus. He saw this unequal combat from afar,—for the blacks were nearly twice the size of the red,—he drew near with rapid pace until he stood on his guard within half an inch of the combatants; then, watching his opportunity, he sprang upon the black warrior, and commenced his operations near the root of his right fore-leg, leaving the foe to select among his own members; and so there were three united for life, as if a new kind of attraction had been invented which put all other locks and cements to shame. I should not have wondered by this time to find that they had their respective musical bands stationed on some eminent chip, and playing their national airs the while, to excite the slow and cheer the dying combatants. I was myself excited somewhat as if they had been men. The more you think of it the less the difference. And certainly there is not the fight recorded in Concord history, at least, if in the history of America, that will bear a moment's comparison with this, whether for the numbers engaged in it, or for the patriotism and heroism displayed. For numbers and for carnage it was an Austerlitz or Dresden. Concord fight! Two killed on the patriot's side, and Luther Blanchard wounded! Why here every ant was a Buttrick,—"Fire! for God's sake fire!"—and thousands shared the fate of Davis and Hosmer. There was not one hireling there. I have no doubt that it was a principle they fought for, as much as our ancestors, and not to avoid a three-penny tax on their tea; and the results of this battle will be as important and memorable to those whom it concerns as those of the battle of Bunker Hill, at least.

I took up the chip on which the three I have particularly described were struggling, carried it into my house, and placed it under a tumbler on my window sill, in order to see the issue. Holding a micro-scope to the first mentioned red ant, I saw that, though he was assiduously gnawing at the near fore-leg of his enemy, having severed his remaining feeler, his own breast was all torn away, exposing what vitals he had there to the jaws of the black warrior, whose breast plate was apparently too thick for him to pierce; and the dark carbuncles of the sufferer's eyes shone with ferocity such as war only could excite. They struggled half an hour longer under the tumbler, and when I looked again the black soldier had severed the heads of his foes from their bodies, and the still living heads were hanging on either side of him like ghastly trophies at his saddle-bow, still apparently as firmly fastened as ever, and he was endeavoring with feeble struggles, being without feelers and with only the remnant of a leg, and I know not how many other wounds, to divest himself of them; which at length, after half an hour more, he accomplished. I raised the glass, and he went over the window sill in that crippled state. Whether he finally survived that combat, and spent the remainder of his days in some Hotel des Invalides, I do not know; but I thought that his industry would not be worth much thereafter. I never learned which party was victorious, nor the cause of the war; but I felt for the rest of that day as if I had had my feelings excited and harrowed by witnessing the struggle, the ferocity and carnage, of a human battle before my door.

Kirby and Spence tells us that the battles of ants have long been celebrated and the date of them recorded, though they say that Huber is the only modern author who appears to have witnessed them. "Æneas Sylvius," say they, "after giving a very circumstantial account of one contested with great obstinacy by a great and small species on the trunk of a pear tree," adds that "This action was fought in the pontificate of Eugenius the Fourth, in the presence of Nicholas Pistoriensis, an eminent lawyer, who related the whole history of the battle with the greatest fidelity. A similar engagement between great and small ants is recorded by Olaus Magnus, in which the small ones, being victorious, are said to have buried the bodies of their own soldiers, but left those of their giant enemies a prey to the birds. This event happened previous to the expulsion of the tyrant Christiern the Second from Sweden." The battle which I witnessed took place in the Presidency of Polk, five years before the passage of Webster's Fugitive-Slave Bill.

We might have found something writ in gentler strain; but there is a point and a qualitness in the above warlike episode, that catches our fancy. Our second borrowing from this clever book—a sketch of character and a striking one—may be found on another page.

Brown University

Feb. 21, 1854

THOREAU'S CLIMBING FERN REDISCOVERED
by Ray Angelo

While surveying the Ministerial Swamp in Concord on November 24, 1851, Thoreau came upon a rare and unusual fern -- the Climbing Fern (Lygodium palmatum), the only fern in New England that twines about other plants like a vine. Thoreau wrote of it on July 30, 1853

> It is a most beautiful slender and delicate fern, twining like a vine about the stem of the meadow-sweet, panicled andromeda (Male-Berry), goldenrods, etc. to the height of three feet or more, and difficult to detach from them . . . Our most beautiful fern, and most suitable for wreaths or garlands. It is rare.

and on August 14, 1854

> 3 P.M. -- To climbing fern with E[dward] Hoar. It takes a good deal of care and patience to unwind this fern without injuring it. Sometimes same frond is half leaf, half fruit. E. talked of sending one such leaf to G[eorge] Bradford to remind him that the sun still shone in America.

In 1857 Thoreau sent a spray of the fern to Miss Mary Brown of Vermont and remarked that the name "climbing fern" would have been "a pretty name for some delicate Indian maiden."[1] There are at least 14 journal entries from 1851 onwards referring to the Climbing Fern (also called "lygodium" or "tree fern" by Thoreau).

He disclosed the location to a number of friends. One of these would be Minot Pratt (1805-1878). Some time in the 1850's Pratt showed the rarity to Miss Annie Sawyer, who later gave the following account:

> Mr. Pratt had promised to take me to the only place in Concord where the climbing fern could be found. I had given my word of honor that I would not tell, and in due season we were on the ground. In the midst of our enjoyment we heard a snapping of twigs, a brisk step, in the bordering thicket, and in a second Mr. Thoreau's spare figure and amazed face confronted us. Mr. Pratt answered for my trustworthiness, and so won over Mr. Thoreau by representing what a deed of charity it was to enlighten my ignorance ...[2]

In an 1863 article for the newspaper Commonwealth Pratt wrote: "In a wild spot ... (long may it remain secluded), the graceful climbing fern, very rare, and the large purple orchis ... are found."[3]

Pressed specimens of the fern collected from Concord by Sophia Thoreau and others were all certainly taken from the same colony that Henry discovered.

Some time after 1920 knowledge of the exact location of the colony became lost. By the time Concord's foremost botanist, the late Richard J. Eaton, started inquiring about it, no one could tell him precisely where it was or had been. He searched the Ministerial Swamp repeatedly without success and concluded in his A Flora of Concord that the colony had probably been exterminated by the dumping of rubbish.[4]

Mr. Eaton apparently concentrated his search in the vicinity of two small bogs in the swamp. However, Thoreau did not associate the fern with the bogs, while both Minot Pratt and Alfred W. Hosmer (1851-1903) mention the colony as occurring in "woods".[5] The label on a specimen of the fern collected on August 6, 1899 by Alfred Hosmer describes the habitat as "dense, low, shady woods among thick bushes."[6]

In the Concord Free Public Library there is a photographic plate of the fern taken by Herbert Gleason. Unfortunately, it shows little of the background. Reference librarian, Marcia Moss, produced from the library archives a key piece of evidence -- the survey sketch of the Ministerial Swamp that Thoreau prepared at the time he discovered the fern.[7] At one spot on the map in tiny print is the word "Lygodium". It is not near the bogs in the swamp.

Mary Fenn (who has had a long-standing interest in the Climbing Fern) and I set out for the Ministerial Swamp on November 6, 1978 with a photocopy of Thoreau's 1851 survey map in hand (courtesy of the Library through Marcia Moss). We proceeded to a low thicket that seemed to correspond to the spot indicated on the map. A careful search of the thicket proved unsuccessful. Re-examining the map carefully and noting its scale, I did some pacing that indicated the thicket was not the place to look. We decided to search a swathe of woodland that was in better agreement with the survey map. We had not taken more than a few strides when I noticed a peculiar growth five to ten yards ahead ...

In the most ordinary of woodland settings the Climbing Fern sprawled over an area about three yards wide and five yards long. Being an evergreen fern, it could not have been displayed to better advantage than amidst the sere hues of late autumn. For more than half a century the delicate maiden had quietly waited, avoiding the gaze of all, until the arrival of two well-wishers bearing a remembrance from six score and seven Novembers past.

FOOTNOTES

[1] Letter from Henry Thoreau to Miss Mary Brown of Brattleboro, Vermont dated March 8, 1857. A photostat of the original letter is in the Thoreau Society Archives (Box 8) at the Concord Free Public Library and is also included in a brochure published by the Stormont Press (Canada) in 1969. The brochure was apparently prepared by Russell Ready of Berwick, Ontario.

[2] "Mr. Hawthorne, Mr. Thoreau, Miss Alcott, Mr. Emerson, and Me," American Heritage, by Annie Sawyer Downs, ed. Walter Harding, vol. 30 (December 1978), p. 100. The original manuscript is in the Concord Free Public Library.

[3] "The Farmer's Compensations," Commonwealth (a Boston newspaper), by "A Concord Farmer" (namely Minot Pratt), (April 10 & 17, 1863). The cited passage originates in an essay entitled "Flowers and Flower Culture" by Minot Pratt. The manuscript of the essay (or any copies of it) can not be found in the Concord Free Public Library.

[4] A Flora of Concord, Richard J. Eaton (Cambridge, Mass.: Museum of Comparative Zoology, Harvard University, 1974), pp. 43, 44, 57, 214.

[5] "Plants of Concord" by Minot Pratt (1878) and "List of the Wild Flowers (and time of blooming) of Concord, Mass. and vicinity" by Alfred W. Hosmer (1903), both manuscripts in the Concord Free Public Library.

[6] Herbarium specimen at the New England Botanical Club Herbarium (Harvard University).

[7] A Catalog of Thoreau's Surveys in the Concord Free Public Library, ed. Marcia Moss (Geneseo, New York: The Thoreau Society, 1976), p. 10. The survey is listed as Ministerial Lot, Nov. 14 through 25, 1851.

A SPURIOUS THOREAU LETTER, BUT A SINCERE IMPOSTER by Lawrence I Berkove

Among the attractive hazards of literary scholarship is the familiar interview with an informant who purports to have new information about some author. The potential value is obvious; the hazard lies in the temptation to publish and disseminate unverified information which might be unreliable. A case in point exists in an interview, published in the San Francisco Examiner of 12 March 1899, of a man who claimed to be a friend and disciple of Thoreau.

The interview was prominently featured as the top half of a page in the Examiner's Sunday supplement of feature articles. Across the top of the page runs the headline: "Trying to Live the Life of Thoreau." Underneath it are three illustrations, side by side. On the left is a front view of Thoreau, with his name signed below. In the middle is a picture of a cabin and lean-to shed in a woodland clearing; below, the scene is identified as "Thoreau's Hut near Concord, Mass." And on the right is a three-quarter view of a bearded man, the subject of the interview, identified below by his signature, "Chas. Peckman." Beneath Peckman's picture is a two-column box of quotations from Walden. Beneath

March 4, 1854

Thoreau's picture is a balancing two-column heading, floridly introducing the interview: "A Man in the Contra Costa Hills/ Who Walked and Talked With/ the Master of Walden, Knew/ Him Heart to Heart, and is To-/ Day a Living Perpetuation of/ The Great Philosopher's Spirit as It Wanders Down the Winds/ From the Maine Woods to the/ California Flower Fields./ By Carroll Carrington."

According to the interview, "Old man Peckman" was a hermit who, in the hills above Concord, Cal., lived out the doctrines of Thoreau. Much of the article consists of Peckman's abundant quoting and paraphrasing from Walden, which he regarded as a Bible, but clearly of special interest to the interviewer--and the reader--was a "bundle of letters from his old master," one of which Peckman permitted Carrington to copy. Datelined "Concord, Mass., April 10, 1861," the letter begins "Friend Peckman" and proceeds to discuss Fort Sumter, Abraham Lincoln, the newspapers, Buchanan, Thoreau's current reading, and Alcott. As quoted, the letter was signed by Thoreau.

There are two reasons why it may be deduced that this letter is spurious. First, no reference to anyone by the name of Peckman occurs elsewhere in Thoreau's correspondence or journals, or in the standard biographies.[1] It is almost impossible that Peckman could have been, as he claimed, "as much a comrade of his as any living thing could be," and completely escaped notice and mention by Thoreau and his biographers.

Second, the letter is essentially the same one that was sent to Parker Pillsbury on the same date. Using the Harding and Bode edition of the Correspondence as a standard,[2] it is apparent that there are approximately fifty textual variants--but mostly minor ones of punctuation and spelling--from the manuscript copy of the Pillsbury letter. This number is reduced somewhat when the Examiner copy is compared with two versions of the letter which Peckman could have had access to in extant editions of Thoreau's correspondence: the 1865 Letters to Various Persons, and the 1894 Familiar Letters.[3]

In addition, Peckman quotes briefly from another letter, which happens to be the one Thoreau wrote to Daniel Ricketson on 4 Nov. 1860.[4] It is not clear from the context of the interview whether he was quoting a letter which he claimed had been sent to him, or just another Thoreau letter, but this demonstrated familiarity with letters written to others further reduces the already remote possibility that Thoreau might have written such closely similar personal letters to different people.

Under the circumstances, therefore, the identity of Peckman is reduced to three possibilities: (1) a former acquaintance of Thoreau who changed his name to Peckman; (2) someone who might actually have met Thoreau briefly and subsequently fantasized the encounter out of all proportion; or (3) someone who never actually had personal contact with Thoreau but who was profoundly influenced by his writings. For the strict Thoreau scholar, these three possibilities are alike immaterial for regardless of which one happens to be closer to the truth, the fact that Peckman was an imposter and his "information" unreliable is all that counts.

What is useless as data about Thoreau, however, is not completely without worth when viewed from the broader perspective of cultural history. Apart from serving as evidence of the broadly cultural nature of the Hearst Sunday supplement section (imagine a contemporary newspaper devoting a half page of prime space to a similar situation!), the interview also testifies vividly to the range and power that enthusiasm for Thoreau enjoyed even back at the turn of the century.

It was probably not accidental that Carrington was shown a letter that counseled its reader not to pay attention to the squabbles of the world and be distracted by them from a contemplation of Nature. In the interview, Peckman sums up Walden in a comment that had touching implications for his own seclusion from the turbulence of the late 1890s: "He [Thoreau] wanted to show that a man might even yet, with adverse circumstances created all around him, live according to the dictates of nature and to the accommodation of fields untilled."

Another genuinely poignant feature of this interview is that the reporter, Carrington, becomes progressively more sympathetic not only to Peckman, but to Thoreau. It is worthwhile quoting the concluding paragraphs of the article to see Carrington inspired to compose a Thoreauvian metaphor in his last sentence:

> For this old man on the Contra Costa hills Thoreau is a religion. One might call him simply a perpetuation of Thoreau in the flesh, with Thoreau's creative faculty left out. The spirit is there, and the ardor, too, and the love of life unadorned. There is a whimsical, yet pathetic, humor in the the old man's devotion to the town of Concord up there, because his Thoreau lived near that other Concord in Massachusetts.
>
> He can talk Thoreau by the hour, yet most of his talking must necessarily be reserved to his own ears alone, since he lives a life of solitude, and is not locally known by the name I gave him in my quest of him, "the old man who know Thoreau"--a name which proved unintelligible to many a cheerful Error who walked jauntily by me on the roadside.
>
> And so at length I left "the man who knew Thoreau," with the voice of Thoreau ringing in my ears and his melodious philosophy creeping through the dry cracks of my mind like fresh water let into a parched marsh-bed.

A Thoreau scholar, reflecting upon this example of the infectious contagion of Thoreau's philosophy, might be reminded of two lines from "The Ponds": "It seemed as if I might next cast my line upward into the air, as well as downward into this element, which was scarcely more dense. Thus I caught two fishes as it were with one hook."

FOOTNOTES

1. I am obliged to Prof. Walter Harding for the assistance he gave me with this paper. Any errors of fact or judgment, however, are mine and not his. The following editions of Thoreau's correspondence were consulted: Letters to Various Persons, ed. R.W. Emerson (Boston: Ticknor and Fields, 1865); Familiar Letters, ed. F. B. Sanborn (Boston: Houghton, Mifflin and Col, 1894); The Correspondence of Henry David Thoreau, eds. Walter Harding and Carl

Bode (New York: New York Univ. Press, 1958); and Companion to Thoreau's Correspondence, ed. Kenneth Cameron (Hartford: Transcendental Books, 1964). Also consulted were The Journal of Henry D. Thoreau, eds. Bradford Torrey and Francis Allen, 14 vols. (New York: Dover, 1962); F. B. Sanborn, Henry David Thoreau (Boston: Houghton, Mifflin and Col, 1882); H. S. Salt, The Life of Henry David Thoreau (London: Richard Bentley & Son, 1890); J. W. Krutch, Henry David Thoreau (New York: Dell, 1965); and W. Harding, The Days of Henry Thoreau (New York: Knopf, 1965).

2. Harding and Bode, p. 611.

3. Not all of the textual variants, including several verbal ones, can be definitely explained. Without examining the manuscript that Carrington saw, it is impossible to determine if Carrington misquoted, or the Examiner typesetters introduced changes, or if Peckman had made additional alterations beyond the obvious substitution of names in the salutation.

4. Harding and Bode, p. 599. Also quoted in Letters to Various Persons and Familiar Letters.

March 10, 1854

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Angell, Geo. T. "Henry D. Thoreau." OUR DUMB ANIMALS. Dec. 1893. A brief early appreciation.

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BOSTON HERALD AMERICAN. "Would Thoreau Recognize His Walden Pond?" July 29, 1979. A recent visit to the Pond with its crowds.

Brooks, Paul. THE VIEW FROM LINCOLN HILL. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin, 1976. 273pp. A centennial history of Lincoln, Mass., with many, many comments on Thoreau's visits there.

Caldwell, Patricia Lee. THOREAU'S GENESIS BY ALEK THERIEN. Harvard University, 1976. An unpublished Helen Choate Bell Prize essay.

Childs, Christopher. CLEAR SKY, PURE LIGHT. Review. TJQ, April, 1979.

Couser, G. Thomas. "Henry David Thoreau: Retreat and Pilgrimage" in AMERICAN AUTOBIOGRAPHY: THE PROPHETIC MODE. Amherst: Univ. of Mass., 1979. Couser argues convincingly that a number of our country's greatest books are basically autobiographical in form and preach to us as the prophets did of old. He feels Thoreau was deeply influenced by his Puritan background and that though he rejected orthodoxy, he nonetheless was concerned with spiritual values and in WALDEN hoped to convert his reader to the higher life of the spirit.

Dillman, Richard. "The Psychological Rhetoric of WALDEN." ESQ, 25 (1979), 79-91.

Earle, Stephen C. THE JOURNALS OF, 1853-1858. Worcester: Worcester Bicentennial Commission, 1976. 72pp. Diary of a 16-year-old who reports hearing "Thorough of Concord" on "What Shall It Profit?" which he considers "was a strange sort of lecture" and confesses he "slept part of the evening."

Eckhard, Edward. "Call for a Return to Thoreau's Ideals." CONCORD JOURNAL. July 26, 1979. Letter to editor asking that Thoreau Society meetings be devoted to his principles rather than scholarship.

Edel, Leon. "The Art of Biography." NEW REPUBLIC. Feb. 10, 1979. pp. 25-29. Psychological approach to Thoreau's life.

Engel, David. "The National Harvester." TJQ, 11 (April, 1979), 23-25. Visit to Walden Pond.

Fergenson, Laraine. "Wordsworth and Thoreau: The Relationship between Man and Nature." TJQ, 11 (April, 1979), 3-10.

French, Roberts W. "What Thoreau Said." WALT WHITMAN REVIEW, 25 (June, 1979), 77-78. About an amusing misprint of Thoreau's comments on Whitman.

Goodman, Ellen. "'Walden' 125 Years Young." ROCHESTER (N.Y.) DEMOCRAT-CHRONICLE. Aug. 13, 1979. syndicated article.

Goodwin, James. "Thoreau and John Brown: Transcendental Politics." ESQ, 25 (1979), 156-168.

Hedges, James S. "The Cricket in Thoreau's JOURNALS" TJQ, 11 (April, 1979), 11-16.

Hellenbrand, Harold. "'A True Integrity Day by Day': Thoreau's Organic Economy in WALDEN." ESQ, 25 (1979), 71-78.

Hoffman, Michael J. "Miller's Debt to Whitman, Emerson, Thoreau, et al." LOST GENERATION JOURNAL, 4 (Winter, 1976-7), 18-21.

Jupp, W. J. "The Greater Comrades (Thoreau)" in WAYFARINGS: A RECORD OF ADVENTURE & LIBERATION IN THE LIFE OF THE SPIRIT. London: Headley, 1918. pp. 118-137.

Kamen-Kaye, Dorothy. "Thoreau's Cake." NEW YORK TIMES. July 29, 1979. Brief letter to editor.

Kerfoot, Glenn. "Harding's Thoreau Collection Tops in the World." ANTIQUE TRADER WEEKLY. July 25, 1979.

Kelleher, Robert F. "In Thoreau's Footsteps." NEW YORK TIMES. Sept. 16, 1979. Letter to editor on following Thoreau on Cape Cod.

Matthews, Paul. "Silence a Stranger to Thoreau's 'little world.'" MAINE SUNDAY TELEGRAM. July 29, 1979. Visiting Walden Pond.

Moseley, Caroline. "Henry D. Thoreau and His Favorite Popular Song." JOUR. OF POPULAR CULTURE, 12 (Spring, 1979), 624-629. On "Tom Bowling."

Ohlhoff, Klaus. THOREAU'S QUEST FOR IMMORTALITY. Lakehead University, 1979. Unpub. master's thesis.

Stinnett, Caskie. "It Wasn't as Easy as It Seemed." ATLANTIC MONTHLY, 243 (April, 1979), 28-30. On seeing the WALDEN manuscript and visiting Walden Pond.

Sylvester, David. "From Franklin to the Sea." YANKEE, 43 (October, 1979), 132-143. Retracing Thoreau's route on the Merrimack. It reports the river is beginning to recover from its long pollution.

Taylor, Bayard. "Alongshore." NEW YORK TRIBUNE. Aug. 28. 1875. Tells of Taylor's misreading Thoreau's "Ktaadn" ms. and thus publishing "aeons" as "scows."

Tilton, Eleanor M. "LEAVES OF GRASS: Four Letters to Emerson." HARVARD LIB. BUL., 27 (July, 1979), 336-341. Includes a letter to Emerson from a "wood-choper" by the name of Simeon Carter in the late 1850's saying, "Is Thoreaus cabin yet alive? I should judge from what little I have read of him that he was one of the untamed. I have never read his book 'Walden' but I swam across walden pond one day, some years ago, just to see what I could do and a fine pond to swim in it is."

Walden Pond State Reservation. IN THE SPIRIT OF WALDEN. 1979. An excellent little pamphlet on the park.

Walker, Marianne. "Thoroughly Modern Thoreau." LOUISVILLE (Ky.) COURIER-JOURNAL. Aug. 12, 1979. How to vacation at home a la Thoreau.

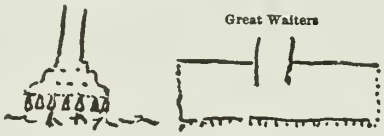
Woolf, Virginia. "Thoreau" in BOOKS & PORTRAITS. London: Hogarth, 1977. pp. 72-79. Reprinted from TLS, July 12, 1917.

We are indebted to the following for information used in this bulletin: T. Blanding, W. Bottorff, M. Campbell, J. Donovan, M. Detterline, R. Epler, V. Halbert, K. Harris, E. Johnson, G. Kerfoot, D. Kamen-Kaye, A. Kovar, T. Mansbridge, A. McGrath, D. McWilliams, C. Moseley, R. Needham, N. Pokrovsky, M. Roach, E. Schofield, A. Seaburg, J. Sisson, E. Teale, R. Thompson, E. Tilton, W. Wagner, and M. Walker. Please keep the secretary informed of items he has missed and new items as they appear.

March 18, 1854

THOREAU SOCIETY MEETING AT THE MLA (1979).

Once again the Thoreau Society will hold a meeting in conjunction with the Modern Language Association annual convention. It will be held at the St. Francis Hotel in San Francisco on Friday, December 28, 1979 from 9 to 10:15 p.m. in the Elizabethan Suite A. The theme will be "Thoreau's Reputation." Prof. George Hendrick of the University of Illinois will speak on "The 1890's: S.A. Jones among Thoreau's Friends and Enemies"; Prof. Michael Meyer of the University of North Carolina at Charlotte, on "The 1970's: The Question of Thoreau's Declining Reputation." Elizabeth Witherell will report on the current status of the Princeton Thoreau edition. The public is invited and non-members of the MLA may pick up a free special pass at the convention information center at the St. Francis.



March 21, 1854

NOTES AND QUERIES

Mr. and Mrs. Ray Parmenter of Franklin, Mass. have presented to the Thoreau Society for its archives Daniel Ricketson's personal herbarium. Ricketson was, of course, Thoreau's staunch New Bedford friend. The herbarium is a leather-bound, 6½" x 8" notebook, lettered in gold with the word "Herbarium," of roughly 50 leaves. Mounted therein are approximately a hundred flowers, most of them fairly common, some of them identified with their common names, some with their Latin names, and some unidentified. Occasionally there are comments as to where or when the flowers were found. Dates run from 1832 to 1893. We are deeply indebted to the Parmenters for placing this unique treasure in our archives.

August Black of Morris, Ill., has recently donated one thousand dollars to the Thoreau Society to help with publication costs.

If you are ever retracing Thoreau's footsteps on Mt. Monadnock, be sure to obtain Elliott & Kathleen Allison's MONADNOCK SIGHTINGS: BIRDS OF DUBLIN, NEW HAMPSHIRE (Dublin: Dublin Conservation Commission, 1979, 55pp.) with an introduction by Edwin Way Teale. It is an invaluable list of the birds of the area.

Prof. Richard Sprague of the University of Maine has called our attention to the following item in the BANGOR WHIG AND COURIER of Aug. 12, 1884 about Thoreau's Kataadin guide: "George McCausland, who for many years lived on the West Branch of the Penobscot, died Friday (August 8, 1884), at the advanced age of 90 years. He was one of the first settlers on the Upper Penobscot. His house was a stopping place for lumbermen on their way to and from the woods. During the past four or five years of his life he was both dumb and blind."

The Thoreau Society of Japan held a meeting on May 25, 1979 at Aoyama Gakuin University in Tokyo with more than 60 people attending. Prof. Tsutomo Shigematsu spoke on "Concord and Its Vicinity" and Kazu Ito on "Meditation and Doing Nothing in Thoreau.

Prof. Robert Sayre of the University of Iowa has recently uncovered a forgotten portrait of Thoreau's Indian Maine guide Joe Polis by Charles Bird King which is now in the Thomas Gilcrease Institute of American History and Art at Tulsa, Okla.

One of the most extravagant bits of nonsense we've seen lately is a "memento box" inscribed with Thoreau's different drummer quotation and selling for $150.00 by the Horchow Collection mail order co. Methinks they're listening to the wrong drum.

Walden Pond, in the summer at least, is now being patrolled on horseback.

The Old Yarmouth Inn in Yarmouth, Mass. notes on its menu that Thoreau may have stopped there on one of his Cape Cod journeys.

The Concord Antiquarian Society has just issued a new color photograph post card view of their Thoreau room and its Walden furniture.

British Radio on Jan. 28, 1979 devoted a long program to "The Inspector of Storms" by Carolyn Sally Jones, "the story of Thoreau's experiment in living."

Ted Leonard's TURNED ON VIRGIN (San Diego: Greenleaf, 1978), a porno novel, in its foreword quotes Thoreau's "The mass of men lead lives of quiet desperation" and then adds "Turned on Virgin" is a novel about the quiet desperation in so many of us --and the extremes to which it may drive us"!

March 25, 1854

TEXTUAL SUPPLEMENT TO THOREAU'S ESSAY ON "LOVE"

Joseph J. Moldenhauer

Since the publication, in 1975, of Early Essays and Miscellanies in the Princeton University Press Writings of Henry D. Thoreau, there has come to light a four-page section of Thoreau's fair copy of "Love." The manuscript, in a New England private collection, is here transcribed with the owner's generous permission. It is physically uniform with the single leaf of "Love" fair copy at the University of Texas at Austin which serves as copy-text for the twelfth paragraph (EEM, 270.15) through the words "we do not" in the seventeenth paragraph (271.9): black ink on pale blue paper, showing both vertical and

horizontal fold-marks, with stab-holes in the left margin that suggest that the entire manuscript essay was once sewn as a booklet. Like the Texas portion of "Love," these additional leaves are physically consistent with the intact fair copy of "Chastity & Sensuality." Thoreau sent both essays in September, 1852, to his friend H. G. O. Blake, who was about to be married.

At the top of page [1] appears an ink notation in Blake's hand, similar to memoranda he entered on other Thoreau manuscripts and on copies he prepared when giving away the originals. It reads, "The 2 preceding pages of this essay on 'Love' I propose to send To-day Apr 24, 1893 to Elenor Doty Bates Ch. Literature for children, for the Columbian Exposition at Chicago."

Had this four-page section been available for editorial use during the preparation of Early Essays and Miscellanies, it would have been copy-text for the corresponding paragraphs of "Love" drawn from Letters to Various Persons (Boston, 1865), namely, paragraphs three through eleven, EEM, 268.28-270.14. The text is presented in the form to which it would have been edited in Early Essays and Miscellanies, and is followed by a textual note and lists of emendations, authorial alterations, and line-end hyphenation. This apparatus is keyed to EEM pages and lines. Typescript of the text and apparatus, which the editor prepared from a photocopy of the manuscript, was carefully compared with the original by Kevin P. Van Anglen, a member of the Thoreau editorial staff.

Owners and users of Early Essays and Miscellanies may wish to keep a copy of this textual supplement with the bound volume; and they will observe that the editorial emendation of a reading from Letters to Various Persons, "rarely", to "surely" at EEM, 270.7, is confirmed as well as superseded by the manuscript reading. Except for a superfluous "to", emended from the text, the manuscript readings are substantively identical to the readings in Early Essays and Miscellanies. Accidental differences are limited to features of punctuation and capitalization that do not significantly affect the sense.

The maiden conceals a fairer flower and sweeter fruit than any calyx in the field, and if she goes with averted face confiding in her purity and high resolves, she will make the heavens retrospective, and all nature humbly confess its queen.

Under the influence of this sentiment man is a string of an aeolian harp, which vibrates with the zephyrs of the eternal morning.

There is at first thought something trivial in the commonness of love. So many Indian youths and maidens along these banks have in ages past yielded to the influence of this great civilizer. Nevertheless this generation is not disgusted nor discouraged, for Love is no individual's experience, and though we are imperfect mediums, it does not partake of our imperfection; though we are finite, it is infinite and eternal, and the same divine influence broods over these banks, whatever race may inhabit them, and perchance still would, even if the human race did not dwell here.

Perhaps an instinct survives through the intensest actual love, which prevents entire abandonment and devotion, and makes the most ardent lover a little reserved. It is the anticipation of change. For the most ardent lover is not the less practically wise, and seeks a love which will last forever.

Considering how few poetical Friendships there are, it is remarkable that so many are married. It would seem as if men yielded too easy an obedience to nature without consulting their genius. One may be drunk with love without being any nearer to finding his mate. There is more of good nature than of good sense at the bottom of most marriages. But the good Nature must have the counsel of the good Spirit or Intelligence. If common sense had been consulted how many marriages would never have taken place; if uncommon or divine sense, how few marriages such as we witness, would ever have taken place!

Our love may be ascending or descending. What is its character if it may be said of it--

We must respect the souls above,
But only those below we love.

Love is a severe critic. Hate can pardon more than Love. They who aspire to love worthily subject themselves to an ordeal more rigid than any other.

Is your friend such a one that an increase of worth on your part will surely make her more your friend? Is she retained, is she attracted, by more nobleness in you, by more of that virtue which is peculiarly yours, or is she indifferent and blind to that? Is she to be flattered and won by your meeting her on any other than the ascending path? Then duty requires that you separate from her.

Love must be as much a light as a flame.

Textual Note

269.16 intensest: Above the ink inscription of this word, which is not especially legible, it is repeated more clearly in pencil.

Emendations

Emended readings followed by (D) are drawn from the working draft; those followed by (LVP) are anticipated in Letters to Various Persons.

269.7	Nevertheless (D, LVP)	Mevertheless
270.11	to be (D, LVP)	to to be
270.12	path? (LVP)	path.

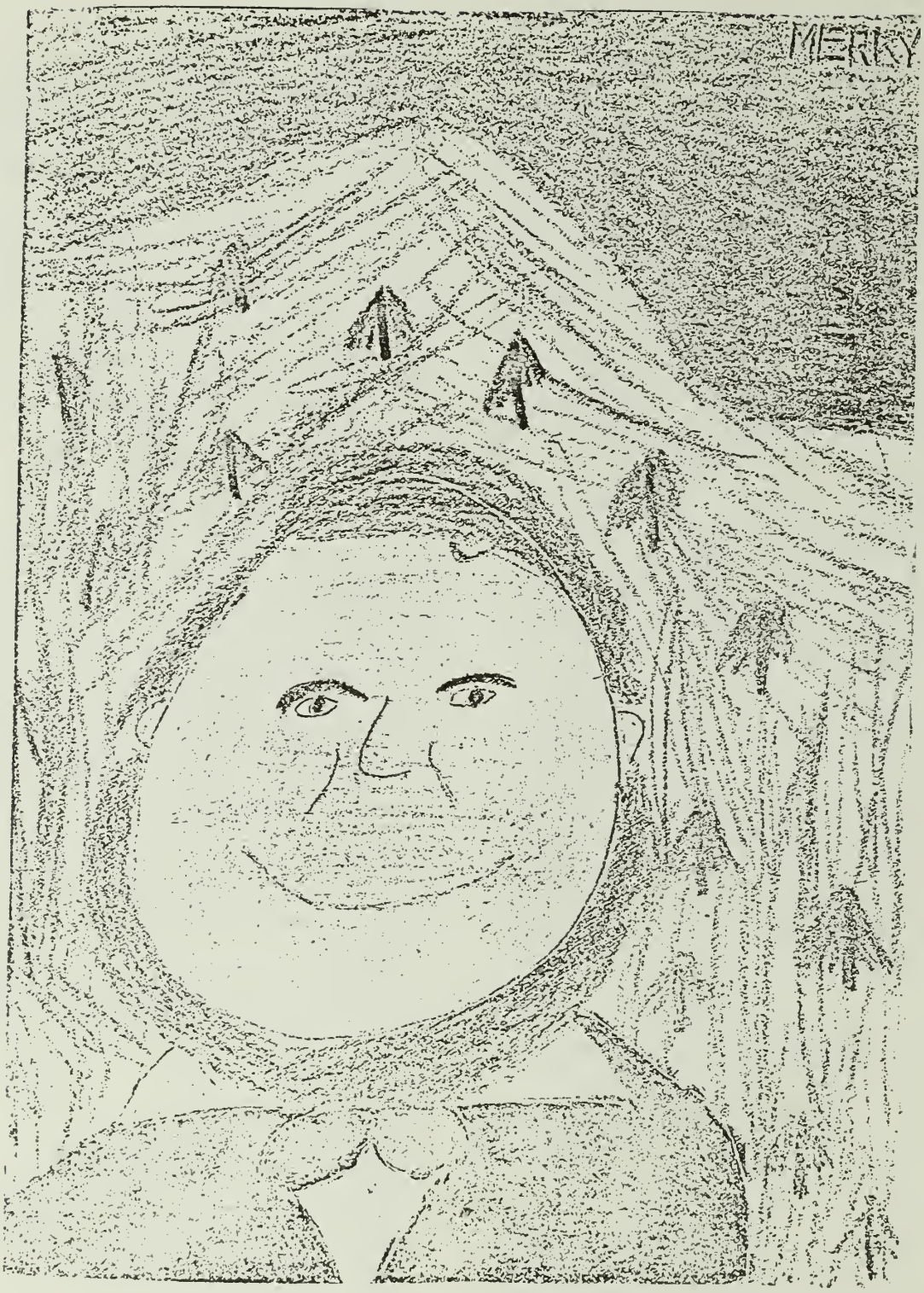
Alterations in the Manuscript

269.16	intensest] see Textual Note
269.22	Friendships] altered from friendships
269.29	Nature] altered from nature
269.33	have] added after first writing
269.33	taken] n possibly added after first writing
269.35	its] added above cancelled the
269.35	character] followed by cancelled of our love

Line-end Hyphenation, List A

269.7 Nevertheless

--The University of Texas at Austin



"Thoreau" by Meredith ("Merry") Hutchins, done for the second-grade Thoreau project produced cooperatively by the Concord Public Schools and the Thoreau Lyceum.